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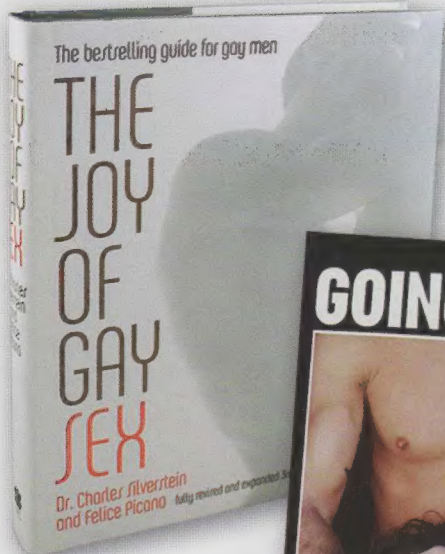
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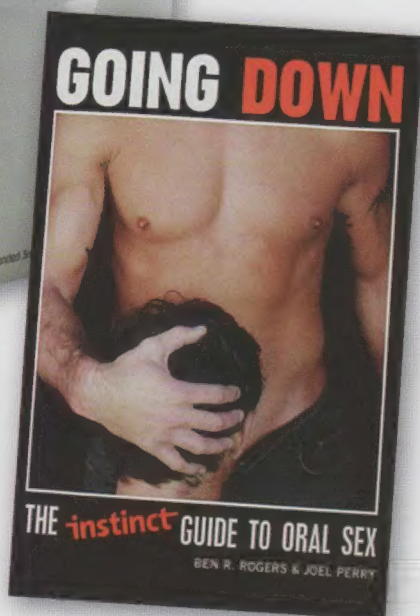
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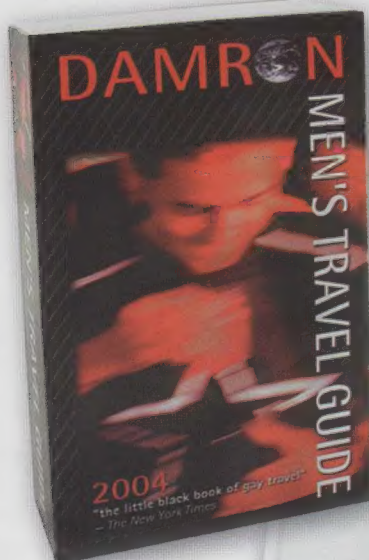
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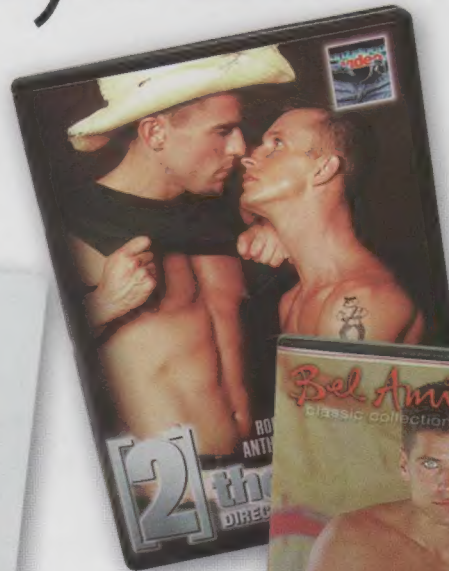
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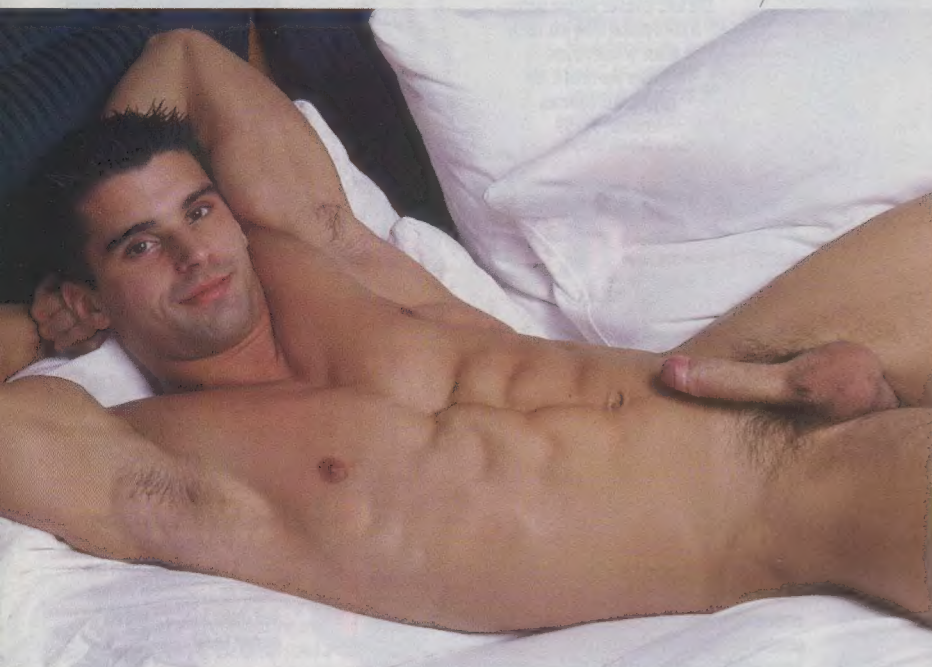
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34 Ty Cezaro is good in bed...

He's got big, bulging muscles, a tight, ripped body and a handsome, sexy face. This issue's cover stud will leave you breathless—especially when he turns over and gives you a peek at his delicious bubble butt. PHOTOS BY BODY IMAGE PRODUCTIONS

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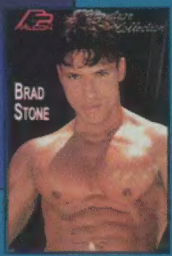
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APRIL 2004



CHARLIE KULP
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MARK HOLLIS
APRIL 2004

Pierced through the heart

Pierce is perfect! Hot damn, your April cover image of Pierce Edwards was stunning. But nothing could have prepared me for what lay inside: his 10 huge, glorious, thick inches! Not only does Pierce have one phenomenal body, but his cock is the most beautiful I've ever seen. Thank you for sending me this love god. Every time I look at his photos, my heart aches just a little bit more. (And my butt quivers with excitement just thinking about his red-hot, hung cock!)

Max Donner, New York City

Hot jock hits the spot

Pierce Edwards is awesome! I would love to spend a few hours worshipping that huge pole of his. I can just imagine how good it'd feel to lie back and have him stick that gigantic meat stick up my ass. *Men*, you guys always seem to hit the spot—pun definitely intended. Thanks for another great issue.

Mark E., via the Internet

Cover stud dilemma

So is Pierce Edwards gay or straight? He was in *Playgirl* last year, I think, and he was talking about liking chicks. Now he's on the cover of your fine publication, talking as if he were gay. Which is it? I suppose in the long run it doesn't really matter who Pierce prefers to sleep with—the chances of it being me are so slim to none, it's not even worth betting on. So I guess I'll just have to be content with staring at the beautiful pictures of him in your April issue and fantasizing about being with him. His face, body and dick are the stuff dreams are made of—and that's good enough for me.

Will Mosh, Buffalo, NY

He's what's for dinner...

When I saw page 11 of the April issue, I figured it would be hard to beat the picture of Mark Hollis in the upper left-hand corner. Then I saw Martin Pratt's photo spread on page 52 of the same issue. That man looks like table-quality beef. I don't know how you continue to find these guys, but keep it up! I sure am.

R.M., Ogden, UT

The truth about Charlie

Your April issue with Charlie Kulp still has me all sweaty. The man is hotter than Georgia asphalt in the middle of summer. Charlie and his gorgeous-shaped cock would be welcome in any household, be it Democrat or Republican. That man has an ass that's just right to get lost in. He has a ball sac that could double for a door knocker; hairy armpits that are perfect for licking and dusting up after hot sex; and killer legs that keep on going and going. What's more, he has a knockout smile that when you're down for the count makes you get up and come back for more. *Men* magazine, I can't wait for more of that torrid Charlie Kulp.

Tim Jacobs, via the Internet

The big Kulp

Wow! Charlie Kulp is stunning. He's definitely my kind of man. You guys need to give your Body Image Productions photographer a raise—he always photographs the hottest, biggest dudes in your magazine. I've been a subscriber for over five years, and I always look forward to the Body Image models the most. Not only are they usually the sexiest dudes inside, but they're also photographed so nicely. Whoever the photographer behind these pictures is, he's got a fan for life.

Jason S., via the Internet

Big smile!

I always look forward to seeing your great guys each month. I just received my March 2004 issue and am dismayed! I've read about the wonders of Michael Lucas, whom others say is the greatest they've ever spent time with in bed. But as I look at those sexy pictures of him, including the cover shot, I'm wondering if the guy ever smiles.

Frank, Tucson

We welcome letters from readers, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to: Letters to the Editor, *Men*, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356, or e-mail us at letters@menmagazine.com.

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Sexpert

by Mark Rutherford, Psychotherapist

"I can't come when I have sex with my lover. When I jerk off by myself it takes a while, but I usually do ejaculate. Why does this happen?"

I am 37 years old and have been in a relationship with my boyfriend for almost eight years. He is 42. Even though I have always been a very sexual person and he has never really been that interested in sex, I consider our sex life fairly healthy. We love each other very much and do not ever fool around with others. (Although he has shown some interest in that, he respects my feelings.) My problem is, when we have sex I cannot come. I get hard very easily and my lover can come at the drop of a hat, but I can't. When I'm by myself and jacking off, I do come after about 30 minutes or so. At this point in my life, I do not jack off nearly as often as I used to, so I know that is not the reason. Overall I am pretty horny, it just takes forever for me to come. I really don't consider myself shy, which to me would seem like a logical reason. What can I do to make myself come? Sometimes when I finger my ass, that will usually make me come when I'm alone. I swear to you, my lover has only seen me come one time in eight years. He doesn't have a problem with it, but I want him to know he does turn me on sexually and I want him to see me have that pleasure. What can I do?

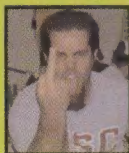
The first question that comes to my mind (no pun intended) is whether you are on any sort of antidepressant medication. You didn't mention it, but many men who are on some sort of SSRI (selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor) medication complain of difficulty reaching orgasm. Getting hard is not the problem; being able to see the fruits of their labor is what frustrates these men the most. If you are on one of these drugs, ask your doctor about possible alternatives that may have less side effects for you. There are many on the market, and finding one that might be more appropriate for you shouldn't be a problem.

If you are not taking an antidepressant, however, I have less advice to offer. I am not a medical doctor, so my first line of advice would be to speak to your primary physician. An issue like this is why it can be nice to have a gay doctor. You can go into his office and feel more comfortable telling him everything that's going on without sugarcoating the issue. "It hurts when I get fucked in the ass" or "my dick seems to be extra sensitive when I get a blow job," are problems gay doctors might be more familiar with and, just as importantly, be more comfortable answering and discussing. There could be a number of physiological reasons for this recurring situation you find yourself in.

Other than that, I say do some exploration on your own. Find out what really turns you on. You said your sex life was "fairly healthy." What does this mean? Does it mean you have sex once a week at a prescheduled time and you do the same thing every time? If so, you might



need a bit more variety. You said something about your lover wanting to bring in outside people for sex but it's never happened yet out of respect to you. I would want to know more about that. What are your feelings about this? How much have you talked to your lover about this issue? Do you have any concerns or fears? If so, your emotions might be playing a part in the problem. You also talked about not having as much of a problem when you are masturbating alone. How often do you do this? When two men come into my office with some sort of sexual problem between them, my first advice is to cut out the solo jack-off sessions. Maybe you should try jacking off in front of your lover. Have him stick his finger up your ass while you're masturbating, and see where that leads you. Take the time and make the effort to try to come together and see if that changes anything. I'm not saying you have to do this forever; just try it for a while and see if it helps. Good luck and keep on trying.



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Sexpert

Continued

Can a 25-year-old and a man who's 47 find happiness together?
They can if they're both willing to get past the age difference...

I met this nice guy online recently, and we started going out. He has most of the qualities I want in a man: He's loving, caring, doesn't drink or smoke and likes to hang out. He is very honest and we have good conversations; we're alike in many ways. The only problem is that I'm 25 years old and he's 47. I know age is just a number, but there's a huge difference between our ages. And whenever we go out, I catch myself looking at other young guys. To tell you the truth, I'm not really attracted to him that much. He has an OK body, but he just doesn't do it for me. We haven't had sex yet. We have made out a few times, but that's all. I need your advice; what should I do?

There are millions of men in this world. They come in all shapes and sizes and colors. My first piece of advice would be to take a sampling from all of them and choose the ones you really like. Sometimes a guy can be a hot fuck but a lousy lover. Sometimes you meet a great guy who's not so hot between the sheets but because he's wonderful otherwise, you're willing to work on the sex part. Sometimes you meet really great guys who have everything you're looking for, but for whatever reason, you're just not sexually attracted to them (these are what you call friends). Once in a while you meet a guy who really gets you worked up sexually and who has the desire and ability to get into a relationship. I have met guys who fit into all of the above categories. The hot guy who's not relationship material can become just a trick or a fuck buddy. I have had boyfriends



NICK BETTS

who I didn't have fantastic sex with but we were able to overcome it. I was even lucky enough to find a guy who got my dick hard *and* was willing to be in a relationship with me. Thirteen years later, we're still going hard and strong.


I have also met many, many men who fit into the "good friend but not lover material" category. This is what your new friend sounds like to me. You seem to like him a great deal as a person, but you're clearly not sexually attracted to him. You didn't say, but my guess would be that he is sexually attracted to you. All of this is OK, but you shouldn't force anything—especially when it comes to your feelings. If the physical attraction is not mutual, getting into a sexual relationship wouldn't be fair to yourself or to him.

My advice would be to talk with him about the feelings you are having. Many guys shy away from honest, emotional discussion because they fear it will hurt the other guy's feelings. My assertion is that you will hurt him

more by not telling him the truth. But remember this: Sometimes guys who don't look like studs in bed turn out to be the best lovers of all. If he is willing to try and you're willing to let him, I say give him a chance in the sack. Experience is a valuable sexual commodity, so you may be pleasantly surprised. An older, in-shape, handsome man who is physically and emotionally present and available can be the hottest sex partner around. Even more so than those young twinkies you've had your eye on.

The Sexpert wants to hear from you. Send letters to the Sexpert, c/o Men, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356. Questions can also be sent by e-mail to AskSexpert@menmagazine.com. Your name will not appear in print. All letters become property of the Sexpert. Comments of a more personal nature can also be addressed to Mark Rutherford, a Florida-based licensed psychotherapist: MDRutherford@aol.com.





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cer in the military, Antonio knows his country's geography well and seems anxious to share this special hideaway.

Before we can finish unpacking our camera gear Antonio is already naked and hard. He spreads his arms out as if to present the landscape. "You like?" he asks.

More than we can say, Antonio.











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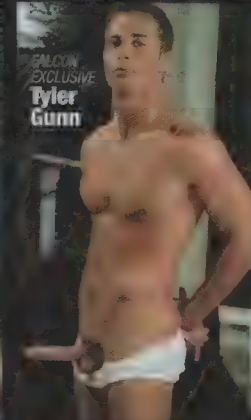
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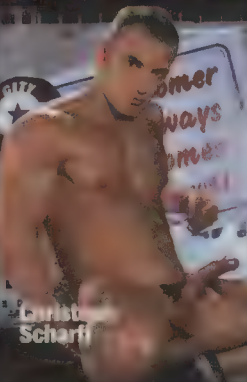
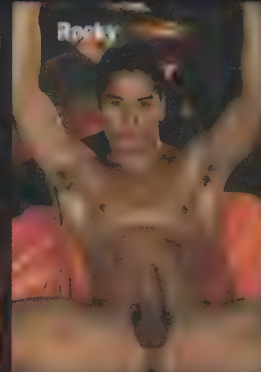
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BIG BOYS

WORDS BY R.J. MARCH · ILLUSTRATION BY KENT

Bill Murphy spat and gave the man yet another look.

The stranger was standing beside his pickup truck, ankles and arms crossed. He wore dusty jeans and a straw hat that was cowboyish, its sides curling up. His T-shirt was tight and wet under his arms. He nodded at Bill and chewed slowly on some gum and looked across the street towards the fields that made this part of the county seem desolate and tired and bound for ultimate ruin.

"You have any fun around here?" the man asked. Bill stood up for no good reason he could think of and said, "Huh?"

"Fun," the man said, one side of his mouth creeping up.

"Sure," Bill replied. "There's

Hank's and the American Legion, I guess."

"Who's Hank?"

Bill shrugged. "Ain't no real Hank. Seth Dupree owns it. Couldn't say why it's called Hank's. Just always was, I guess."

"You're not from here?" the man asked. Bill sneered. "Hell, no. I'm from up nears Raquette Lake. You heard of there?"

The man nodded and just then his friend came out of the rest room shaking his wet hands to dry them. They were big guys, the both of them. They weren't much younger than he was, Bill figured, but they were built up and big-fisted and their clothes fit their bodies so that you could read what was underneath them. This one had on a wife-beater and jeans just as tight as the other's, and he was laughing, saying, "Now I know why they call 'em shitters." He stopped laughing, seeing Bill, but didn't stop smiling. "How you doing, there?" he said, wiping his hands on his pant legs. "You're all out of towels in there, boss."

Bill shrugged. "Ain't the boss, but I'll let him know for you. He just ran into town for a bit."

The first one asked if Hank's served any food, and Bill nodded. "Seth'll fix you up good," he said.

"How far's town?" the other one asked, getting into the truck.

Bill looked up the road. "Mile or two," he said.

He watched the truck drive off. It disap-

peared around the bend and Bill went back into the service station and stood behind the register, sneaking a hand into his jeans, digging around in his dampened shorts for his blood-thick cock that had gotten riled up. Big and snaky and hot, the skin loose and silky, he sought the vein

His ass, round and dark-cracked, was cocked, the cheeks relaxed enough for Seth to split them and bury his face in the fur between them.

that ran a blue highway down the length of his shaft, rolling it under his fingertips. His hands were dirty, but he didn't care at the moment. Dickie Rogers wasn't going to mind either when he got back to his store to find Bill in the dusty office out back, spread-legged at Dickie's useless, littered desk, nursing his doughy semi, his ruddy rock-filled sac jiggling with each spit-sticking stroke.

HE HEARD LATER FROM DICKIE what Seth had to say about them two big boys.

Seth said, "Those boys had plenty to eat, they sure did."

"But just who ate what is what I want to know," Dickie said. "Let's run down and hear how big their appetites were."

Seth told it like this: He was watching *Calamity Jane* on the old movie channel when those two boys walked in. "The place was empty, as usual," Seth said. "Ever since that damn Apple Jax opened up. I think the only food I served all day was to that damn one-eyed barber."

"His name is Peaches," Dickie informed him.

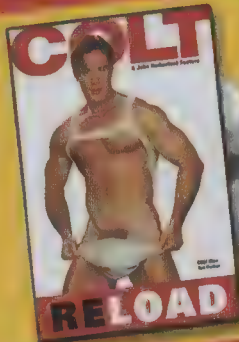
Seth flattened his lips together. "Ain't no grown man named Peaches 'round here, Dickie Rogers, and you know it."

"It's Dwayne Peaches, Seth, and he ain't one-eyed, just cock-eyed."

"Well, God bless him then," Seth said, his attention trailing off. "I still wouldn't let him touch a hair on my head."

"He probably wasn't much interested in anything up there anyway," Bill said. He'd gone to Peaches once for a trim and left with some trim instead, albeit with a poorly cut head of hair. The man made up for his inaccuracy with his vacuum-like suction and fingers that knew just where to poke and prod.

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Chase Hunter and Lane Fuller in *Reload* © COLT Studio

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"Well, Jesus, Seth, what happened with them?"

Seth settled himself on the edge of the lunch counter. At night he played host to the boys who lived off Route 29, backwoodsmen of sorts, looking for beer and whiskey and a little head. Seth made a name for his little luncheonette, providing the head himself in the early days of Hank's until he'd developed a large enough clientele with hungry enough mouths to keep him behind the bar, cracking bottles and jokes, and giving the occasional BJ. "For old time's sake," he'd say, which meant someone had better get behind the bar for a few minutes to cover for him.

"Well," he said, his face going wistful. "Them two walked in right at the end of Calamity, and I couldn't make out what they looked like because the light was all behind them, but I could see that they were big ones, and I was thinking maybe they were part of some road crew somewhere and I was gonna have to get off my lazy ass and make some food. And then they got into some light and I saw the one in the hat looked like a 210-pound version of Paul Newman as Cool Hand Luke. So I got off my lazy ass."

"He clamped my head and started tearing into my mouth, just fucking the daylight's out of it, and he started moaning all low, saying 'fuck' over and over..."

"And the other one was like Brando in *Streetcar*," Bill added. Seth nodded hard and Dickie screwed up his face. "Get to the sex part," he said.

"The sex part," Seth said, shaking his head and smiling. "Oh, man," he said. He got off the counter and grabbed a bottle of Maker's Mark from behind the bar. He poured out three shots and slid two in front of his friends.

"Well, both them boys musta had three egg-salad sandwiches apiece and about as many glasses of milk, and when they were done, they both leaned back in the booth—that one right there," he said, pointing to the one behind Dickie and Bill. "All sprawled out the way boys do, legs spread, looking all sleepy, you know what I mean. So I said to them, 'Ain't nobody bound to come in until four, if you're wanting a nap, guys,' and they just sort of nod at one another then at me, and the one with the hat pulls it

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down over his eyes and makes like he falls right asleep. And like I said, he had his legs all spread and them jeans of his were pretty tight and showed just about everything God gave the boy, and let me tell you, the Man was pretty generous."

Bill nodded because he'd seen it too, and he elbowed Dickie, nodding and grinning, and Dickie elbowed back harder.

Just then the phone rang. Seth went off to answer it, and Dickie turned to Bill. "How much of this do you figure is BS so far, honey?"

Bill shrugged. "I mean, nothing's happened so far."

"About 10 cases, I guess," they heard Seth say.

"Did he have a big one?" Dickie asked.

Bill rolled his brown eyes to the ceiling, never understanding Dickie's preoccupation with dick size when his own was so ample. "As far as I could tell," he replied, hearing Dickie give a little sigh.

Seth came back and resumed his story. "The other one wasn't sleepy so he got up and walked around, looked at the jukebox and the pool table. I offered him a game but he shook his head. He went to use the toilet and his buddy shifted to get comfortable and knocked a glass of milk over and got himself good. He jumped up, cursing, and I tossed him a rag to wipe up with. The other one came out of the bathroom laughing, and he had a boner, I shit you not—I guess he'd been trying to rub one out before they got back on the road, and the wet one was swearing because he didn't have a change of clothes and he sure as fuck wasn't driving all the way back to Maine stinking like spoiled milk. So he started stripping, right there in front of me and his friend, right in the middle of the luncheonette here in the middle of the goddamn day.

"He took his shirt off first and I thought I'd died and went to heaven and then the sonofabitch unzipped his jeans and it was plain he didn't have no drawers on underneath. I just saw all of this hair and nearly busted a nut. He asked if I had a washing machine here and I said I didn't, but there was a laundromat down the street. 'You got something I could put on, anything?' he asked, his pants still undone and his bush showing and the big old base of his cock, too, and all I had on hand for him was a tablecloth. So I figured he'd go into the john and finish undressing but he stayed put, getting his boots off and yank-

ing off those wet jeans. I wasn't more than two feet away from his big swinging dick, and boys, let me tell you, it was big and swinging. I never saw bigger, lower-hanging balls, present company excluded, Dickie. His buddy rinsed the jeans out in the kitchen, laughing the whole time now that his pal was wrapped up in the tablecloth I gave him, looking like he was ready for the sauna. Well, his buddy ran them jeans down to the laundromat to dry them, and this half-naked honey sat at the bar with me."

"Yeah?" Dickie said, leaning close. "So what happened then?"

Seth looked at both of the men in front of him.

"Well, I took him in the kitchen and



blew him; what did you think happened?"

It turned out that the gentleman had taken a liking to the fresh breeze a tablecloth will afford, and as hard as he tried to keep the damned thing closed, it kept falling open and exposing his ample genitals, much to Seth's satisfaction, and the repeated exposure brought on more amplitude, so that eventually the man's thick upright pole made coverage that much more difficult. "And why cover anything so beautiful anyway?" Seth said.

So there it was, fat from base to tip and topped with a delicately turned head that flared out away from the glans like a bob. Its slit glistened moistly. "That was when he got up, leaving the cloth on the stool, and walked back to the kitchen, never looking back," Seth said. But if he had, he would have caught Seth's hungry stare riv-

eted to his muscled ass cheeks, which twitched back and forth mightily. They were white and hairy and beckoning. And so he followed, finding the man with his elbows propped on Seth's work table, which was littered with eggshells and bread crumbs, bits of celery and onion skin. His ass, round and dark-cracked, was cocked, the cheeks relaxed enough for Seth to split them and bury his face in the fur between them, finding a bit of pinched clearing with his long and pointed tongue. He ate there for a while, running his hands up and down the man's thighs, putting his fingers between his toes, and going up again to play around front with the heavy snaking shaft that leaked and leaked.

"Well, he turned around, and that big thing whacked my jaw, and it was like a punch, I'll tell you, and he said to me, 'You think you can work on that for me a little?' I just opened my mouth and swallowed the sonofabitch down. I wish you could have seen his face," Seth laughed.

It didn't take long, not with Seth's fingers poking him up the ass. One hand working on the shaft, the other just about stuck up the gentleman's butt hole, Seth soon had the man eating out of the palm of his hand.

"I got a good rhythm going, you know, and I felt him go all hard and knobby up his ass, and he clamped my head and started tearing into my mouth, just fucking the daylights out of it, and he started moaning all low, saying 'fuck' over and over and then all of a sudden he called out to the Lord and he tore out of my mouth and he started hosing me all over—the shit just flew everywhere."

"What about his buddy?" Dickie asked. He was into the story, Bill noticed, seeing Dickie's glory mounding his pants like something trapped.

Bill was already looking forward to the reaming he was going to get once they got back to the service station.

"Yeah," Bill said, wetting his lips and smiling. "Tell us about the other one."

Seth leaned back and smiled, raising his forgotten shot of bourbon.

"That, my friends, is another story," Seth said. "Are you sure you boys got time?"

Dickie looked at Bill and Bill looked at Dickie's crotch and both of them said, "I don't think so."

"I didn't think so, either," Seth said, tossing back the bourbon. ■

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY LUCASENTERTAINMENT.COM

Rob Ramos is on fire!

Sexy stunner Rob Ramos hails from Fort Lauderdale, FL, by way of Westchester, NY. Obviously a fan of the sun and sand (why else would you move to Florida?), bronzed and beautiful Rob got his start in the porn industry in a way that sounds like something lifted from a skin flick: While vacationing on Fire Island, he caught the eye of a film producer, who promptly offered him a job. His first movie, appropriately enough, was *Fire Island Cruising 5*, for Lucas Entertainment. Clearly realizing he had a star on his hands, Michael Lucas signed Rob to an exclusive deal. Rob has since gone on to star in *Fire Island Cruising 6*, which centers on his search for meaningful sex with someone he can love.

Proving his ass is mightier than his mouth—he's a man of few words, but watch how he masterfully bottoms for Michael Lucas' mondo cock—Rob gives us a quick rundown on who turns him on and why he likes a man who knows what he's doing. (Then again, don't all bottoms?)

So, Rob, are you a big fan of porn in general?

I'm not, but I love being in them.

Hey, we love seeing you in 'em. Who's been your favorite costar so far?

Wilson Vasquez.

Oh, yes. That one's got a dick for days. We can see why you liked him. Who else do you want to work with?

Lucas from *Bel Ami*.

What's your favorite porno flick?

Lucky Lucas.

What do you think is your sexiest attribute?

My ass.

We would've said your smile, even though we'd really be thinking "your ass." What turns you on most in a sexual partner?

I love it when a man knows what he's doing in bed.

Yeah, that always helps. What kind of guys are you into?

Well, I don't have a specific type, but I find myself attracted to men who are confident.

Where's the craziest place you've ever had sex?

On the seven-mile bridge going out to Key West.

Nice. Very original. Which do you prefer: topping, bottoming or being versatile?

Bottoming, but I can also be a great top.

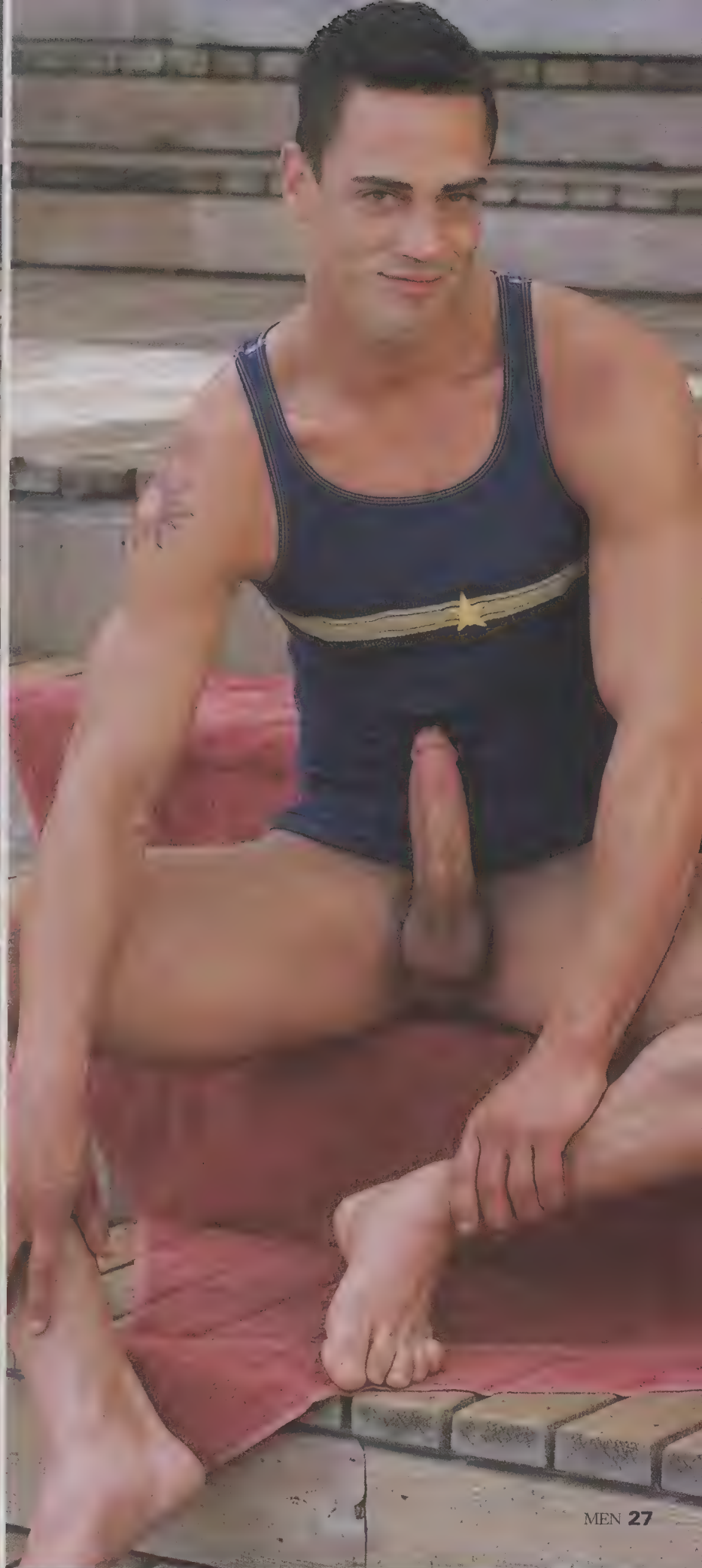
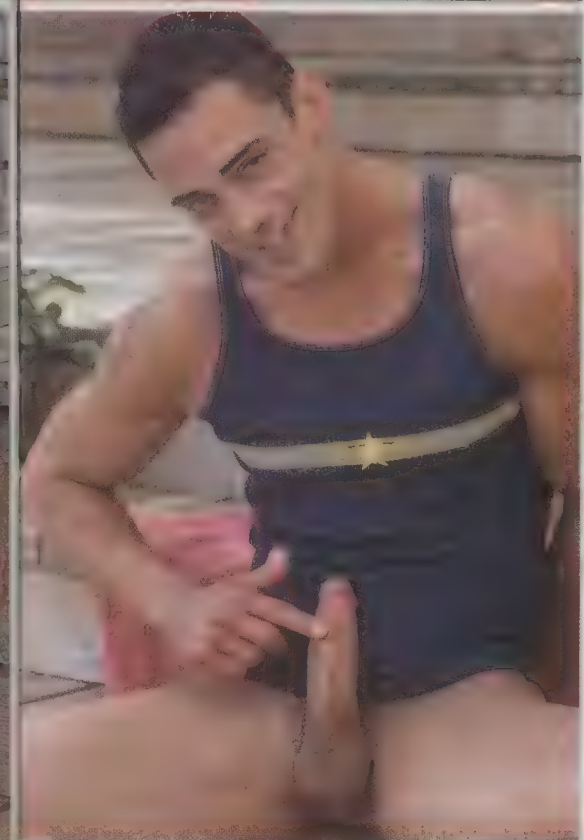
Lastly, where do you see yourself in five years?

On top of the world.

Um, don't you mean under it?
















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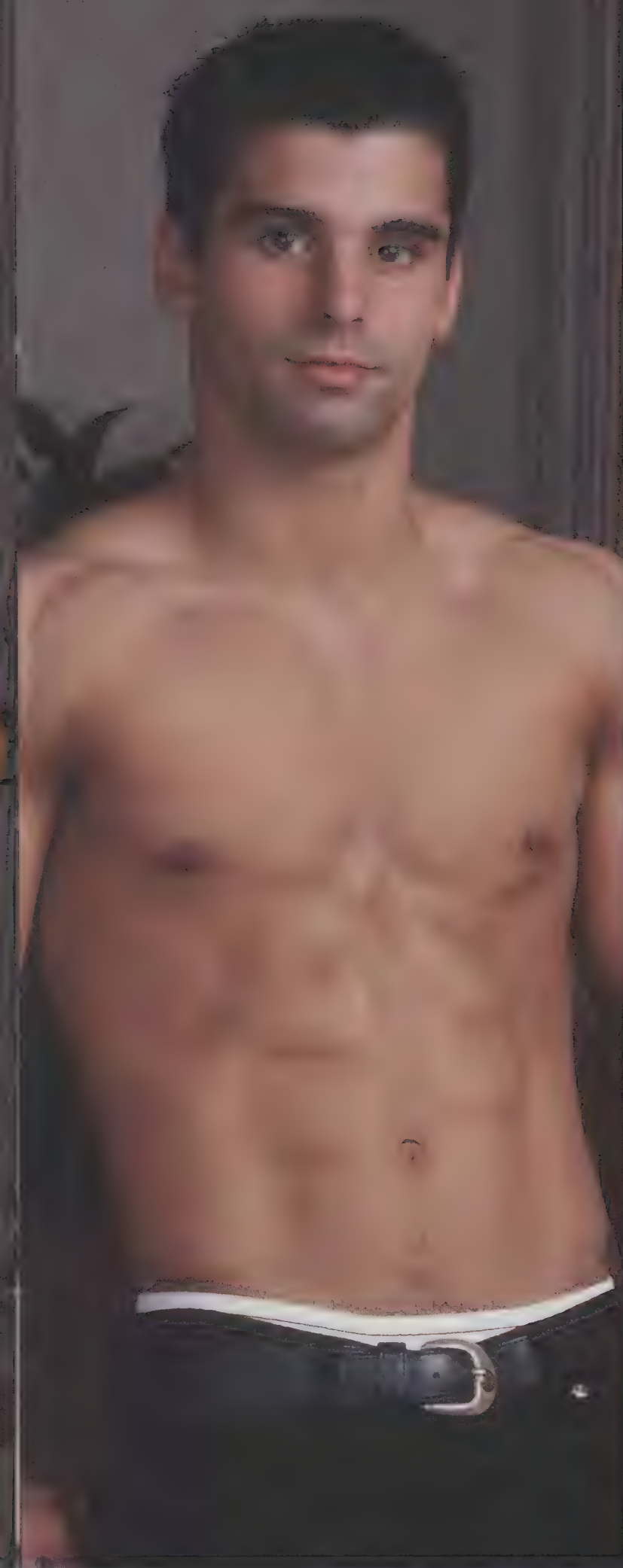
Rob Ramos/Wilson Vasquez/Rob Ramos/image © LUCAS Entertainment, Inc.



Ty Cezaro Pumped Up

"Lemme do a few push-ups first," Ty shouts, getting pumped for his first-ever photo shoot. "Dude, I'm so psyched for this! I just wanna look my best, you know?" We tell the seriously sexy stunner he doesn't need to warm up to look his best; he's gorgeous just standing there. Cezaro grins and his face turns a shade darker. "Keep talking like that and I'm gonna get a chubby," he smirks, pulling off his shirt and flexing his big, round biceps. His smooth, flawless skin bulges everywhere with hard mounds of muscle. Clearly Ty likes to show off. "Yeah, I guess you could say I'm a bit of an exhibitionist. I mean, if you've got it, flaunt it. Right?" Right, indeed. And we're here telling you first that Ty's got it—for sure.

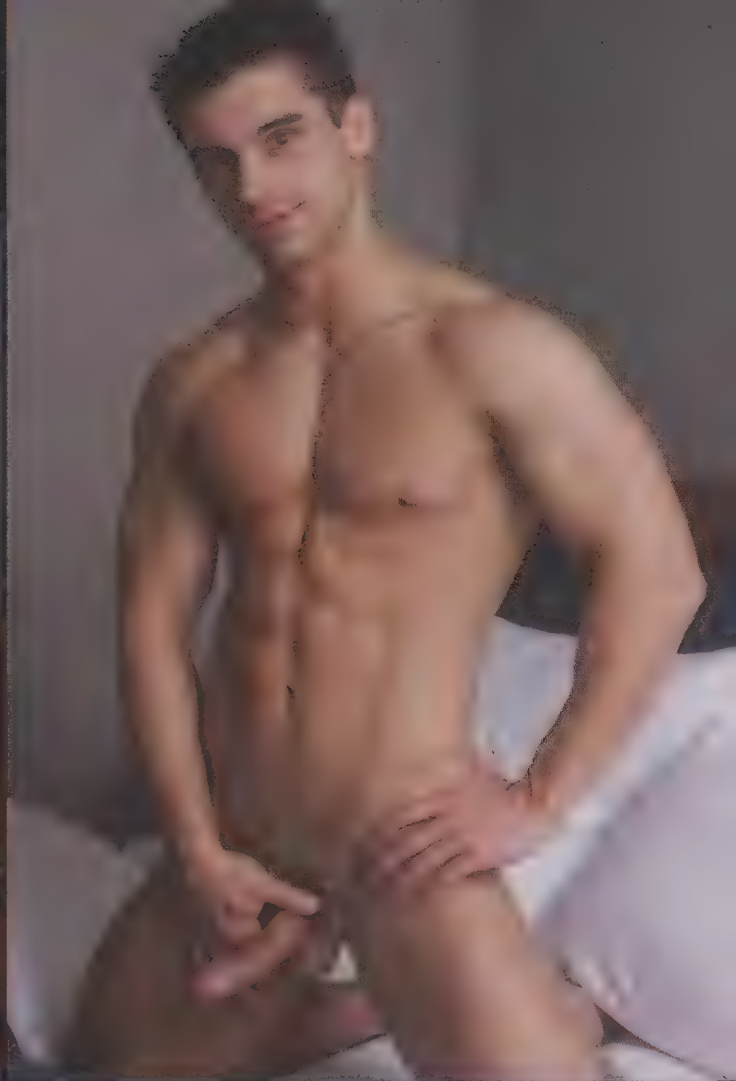














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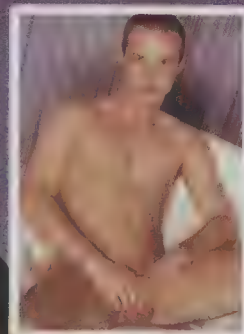
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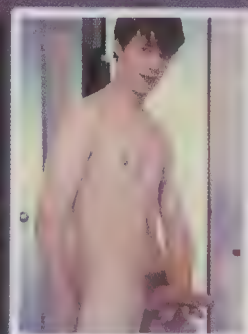
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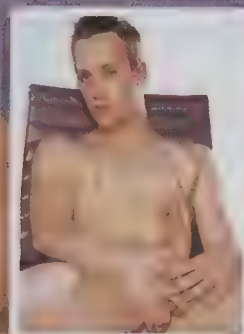
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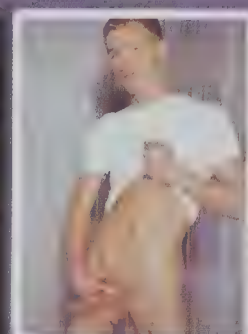
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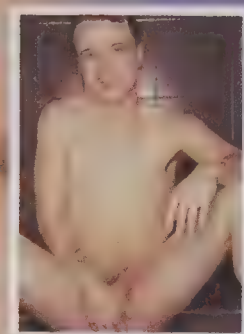
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the shot glass

WORDS BY T. HITMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY GAYSKETCH.COM

Justin Howell was a great drinking buddy, even after he gave up the bars and the beer. Pretty good thing he did; dropping his car into a ditch following one bender proved to be the wake-up call that both of us needed. I drank a lot with Justin, starting from the time he and I got up

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the nerve to steal beer from our dads, and we really kicked it up a notch when we were of legal age.

We knocked them back at Mulligan's, the local bar, throughout our 20s and were pretty much drunk for most of his marriage. The night he went ditch diving and flipped his car came right after his divorce was finalized. I don't know if Justin truly loved his wife but he did love his beer, and he went through a big breakup with it, too, after pulling himself through the busted passenger-side window and into a wall of pitch pine branches. He went completely sober, cold turkey, right after that. Justin was a mechanic, and one of his guys towed the wreck back to his garage on the q.t. From that point on, he lived his life clean and sober.

My nose landed in the dense shag of his pubes, my chin pushed into the heat of his nuts. I tugged on Justin's furry balls while a host of sensations erupted on my tongue.

We'd known each other for 20 years, so he must have figured I was at least curious about his cock. I'd stood next to it enough times with my own hanging out of my fly, draining a gallon of recycled beer into the urinals at Mulligan's. We'd dated and even fucked a few of the same local chicks—sometimes together, me always going in after him.

"Don't waste it, dude," he'd chuckle. Sloppy seconds, we used to joke, high-fiving and knocking back cold 40-ouncers, him unaware that I was savoring the taste of his load from the pussy he'd just plugged.

It was easy to love Justin. For all his faults, he was a good friend. He'd send a truck to tow a car whether the stranded driver could afford to pay him for it or not. He'd fixed my cars for free since high school, and if I

ever needed wheels, he had half a dozen I could take for as long as I needed, and he never asked for a dime in return.

Justin was a big guy: tall but not fat, about 6 foot 3 or 4, all muscle. He'd worn a military flattop for as long as I could recall, and one of those perfect Vandyke goatees and mustaches you see on all the major league ballplayers. He'd been good at sports and still played a few for recreation. Other than that, he didn't work out. He didn't need to. His body was perfect in my memory, dating back to the start of our friendship, and working on cars kept him in shape even after we both turned the big 3-0. The beer never gave him a gut, either. No, Justin Howell was too tough to let that happen.

Six months before his accident I briefly moved out of town and across state. But when I heard about it, I pretty much took it as a sign to return, figuring somehow Justin might need me. I certainly needed him—I'd spent six months at a shitty new job in a town I didn't particularly care for, jerking off nonstop over memories of times spent with my best bud. Nothing new there; I'd wanted his dick for years.

"Why don't you come back and move in with me?" he offered on the phone one hot afternoon after 10 minutes of hearing me bitch about my living situation. "Now that I'm single, it's getting kind of lonely around the place. I have a spare room. No bed in there yet, but there's the couch..."

I quit my job the next day and started packing. A few mornings later he showed up with one of his big trucks. He drove me cross-state and back to my roots, to the apart-

ment of my best friend and the greatest guy I knew.

Justin and I hefted boxes of my shit into the spare room. The room wasn't all that big, and before long we'd stacked stuff floor-to-ceiling along one wall. We sweated our nuts off. It was a real scorcher, the kind of day we would have shared over a case of beer in that other life.



Instead we knocked back cold ginger ales while we emptied the truck. That night I decided to take the couch. My back ached like hell, too much so to sleep on the floor.

Justin locked the truck and we plodded through his kitchen and into the living room, where we died on the couch: two sweaty, sober 33-year-olds. I don't think I'd ever been so happy. Justin kicked off his sneak-

ers. The damp, sweaty socks covering his big feet captured my eyes. I watched his toes flex on the carpet contentedly, like a happy cat. "Sorry to stink up your bedroom," he said, catching me staring at his feet.

"Just like all those other sleepovers," I joked, and before I knew it he'd ripped off both his socks and was on top of me on the couch, trying to shove his hot, sweaty feet into my face. I struggled—or pretended to. The entire time he was on top of me I was pushing a boner into the lumpy sofa cushion.

While Justin showered, I poked around in the cabinets in search of a tumbler to pour my can of ginger ale into. Alone on one shelf, seeming to occupy its own place of honor, sat a single shot glass. It was decorated with the Mulligan's logo, a green shamrock, and the address of the place—he'd probably swiped it during one of our famous benders when we'd mixed beer and shots. Justin hadn't gotten rid of his beer glasses either; the pilsners and steins were shoved together on another shelf, unused and coated in dust. But this single shot glass seemed special. More so, it was still being used. I picked it up and saw a trace of wetness floating amidst a crusty ring at the bottom. I didn't find any liquor in

the cabinets.

"What do you do, dude, jerk off in it?" I chuckled out loud to myself.

A few seconds later, I heard the shower shut off. I returned the shot glass to its place of honor alone on the shelf and then took my turn cleaning up in the tub the same way I'd always done things with Justin: sloppy seconds, second man in.



If he squirted on the floor, I told myself, I'd be there the instant his back was turned, on my knees, lapping it up before he could produce a paper towel or mop.

The thing about your first night in a strange place is that no matter how tired you are after a long and arduous trip, even the slightest noise will wake you. I hadn't really fallen asleep when I heard Justin's bare feet pad across the carpeted floor and onto the kitchen's linoleum, followed by the creak of a cabinet door opening. Lying on my side with my back pressed against the camelback rise of the couch, I'd already masturbated once and my dick still wouldn't go down completely. Its itch kept me half awake. I heard a drawer open—the big one, the junk drawer. But for the next couple of minutes, I had to guess what was going on.

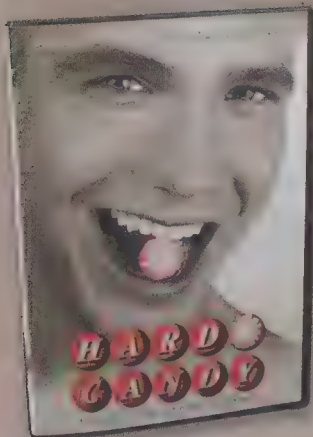
I heard Justin rocking back and

forth on the pitted kitchen linoleum, as though balanced on the balls of his big feet, as well as a wet, slick patter and occasionally what sounded like the flip of a magazine page. My dick began to burn on the verge of painfulness the longer I listened. Eventually my curiosity got the best of me. Quietly, I raised myself onto my elbows and from there hoisted my head to peer over the back of the sofa.

The only light came from the one in the bathroom and a night-light behind me. But my eyes had adjusted to the darkness by that point, and I saw that, along with a dog-eared porn magazine, Justin had pulled one of his big metal flashlights out of the junk drawer. It lay

on its side, its beam aimed at the magazine and unintentionally cutting a line of light across my buddy's taut, hairy midsection. Justin had a hell of a set of abs on him under his lower-body pelt. Now the muscles were clearly displayed, as was the rest of him. He stood at the kitchen counter, completely naked from the buzzed flattop of his head down to his bare toes, which happily flexed as he rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet. Justin was thrusting his hips into empty space and stroking his swollen cock with the choke hold of one hand.

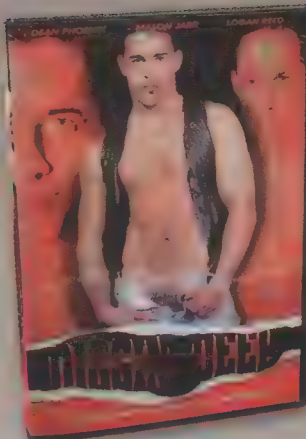
A rush of invisible fire instantly consumed my senses. I drank in his image: the sculpt of his chest, the hard cross-section of his ass,



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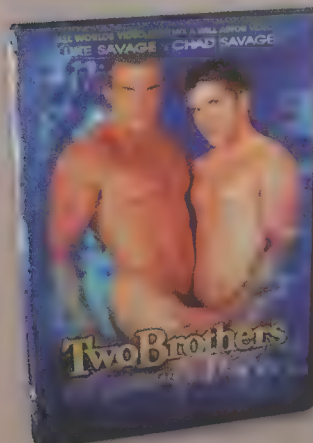
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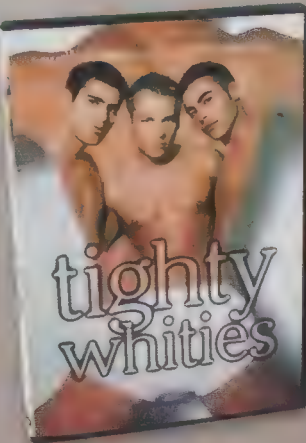
Brothers in Arms Watch the ship rock as Mason Jarr, Chad Savage and Rob Steele serve their country and service their shipmates. This man's navy is one big high seas orgy!



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his meaty, hairy balls, his muscled legs, those incredible tomcat's feet. *If he squirts on the floor, I told myself, I'll be there the instant his back is turned, on my knees, lapping at it before he can get a paper towel to mop it up.* That's how much I loved him.

But Justin, I learned, had no plans to let his seed fly. As I trained my disbelieving eyes on the thick, maroon column of his cock I saw that its head was aimed into a small glass mouth. Justin was stroking his dick into the shot glass, holding both in the same big hand.

I could tell by the glistening sheen of sweat on Justin's forehead, chest and the visible half of his butt that he was close to shooting. At one point, he stopped flipping pages and threw back his head. A deep, guttural grunt rumbled inside his chest as he held back a shout. His jerking hand shook fiercely, so much so I thought he might drop the shot glass. Apparently, though, he'd done this plenty of times.

Justin moaned out a sigh, unable to choke it back fully, and came into the glass, enough so that I was able to see it through the poor light and the frantic movement of his fingers. But what happened next sealed it for me.

Justin, not yet knowing I'd seen the entire thing, pulled the shot glass off his dripping dick head and raised it to his lips. He downed its entire contents—his own spunk—in a hearty gulp just like he had hundreds of shots of high-octane liquor over the years. When he finished, he replaced the shot glass to its place of nobility, snapped off the flashlight, and returned it and the stroke magazine to their hiding places. He started across the kitchen toward his room.

I ducked down a bit too quickly and the old couch betrayed me with a jarring creak. Through the rapid cadence of my drumming heartbeats and the numbing rush of silence in the room, I heard Justin's bare feet squeak to a stop.

"You awake, dude?" he asked, his

baritone slightly shaky. I didn't answer. I couldn't. My mouth was paralyzed, hanging wide open in shock at what I'd just witnessed. My dick ached. My balls were suddenly filled with magma. My stomach felt like I'd taken a punch. Justin's footsteps started up again, but he didn't continue on toward his bedroom. No, he rounded the couch, where I lay hunched, wide-eyed and open-jawed, with several inches of steel jutting straight out of the open fly of my boxers.

His shadow loomed large over me, half lit by the glow from the bathroom. I could smell his maleness, a pungent mix of fresh sweat, balls, feet, come. It was intoxicating.

"Hey, you still up?" he repeated, now more of a demand than a question.

"Yeah," I admitted. I couldn't deny the truth to him. "Dude, what was that all about?"

Justin snorted out a playful laugh. He just as quickly went from being the stranger he'd transformed into in the past 10 minutes to someone I recognized. "Only two things I love more than alcohol, bud," he growled. I watched transfixed as he scratched his meaty bag of low-hanging nuts. He sniffed his fingers afterwards. "My friends and, as you know, my dick. So I made a deal with my friends—I'd stop drinking. And I made one with my dick too. I promised it that every time I got the urge to start drinking again, I'd remind my dick that I loved it better."

Before I could stop myself, I blurted out, "I love your dick, too."

He drew in a deep breath. "I know, bud. Always have. It's cool." A temporary silence settled between us, and then he clapped one of his big, strong hands to my shoulders. "I think I got enough left in my balls to cover your love, too, pal."

Justin pulled back, wagging his spent, half-stiff dick at my open mouth. Before everything he'd admitted had a chance to fully sink in, I leaned forward and swallowed his cock as far as I could take it. My nose landed in the dense shag of

his pubes, my chin pushed into the heat of his nuts. I tugged on Justin's furry balls while a host of sensations erupted on my tongue—soap, the sour dregs of the load he'd just shot, the salt on the skin of his rubbery, half-hard dick. I already knew how Justin tasted. I'd eaten him out of a whole harem of babes during our party days. Now, though, it was just us. Him and me, no chicks, no booze. The way I'd always wanted it to be.

After a few sucks, I had Justin's dick completely hard again. His wasn't the first cock I'd ever sucked, but it was by far the biggest and the best. I opened wide to keep from choking only to nearly gag on it when he reached down to fondle my hard-on, which still jutted from the slit in my underwear. "Fuck," I moaned around the meaty plug in my mouth. It had to be a dream, or perhaps it was really a hallucination. We were drinking again, knocking them back, a six-pack or two. This couldn't be real...

Justin groaned and released my dick, and as he did I nutted, spraying come all over his arm and one of his legs. Even got some on the couch and the floor and who-knew-where-else—I was blasting what seemed to be an endless stream of spunk. But that couldn't compare with what happened next.

"My dick's gonna really love having you living here, buddy," I heard Justin grunt through my cacophony of muffled howls. "I'm getting close. And don't waste it, dude!" He said it just like those other times when we were younger, when I'd lapped up his scum and had loved it.

Not long after, for the first but not the last time, I got my best buddy's load right out of the spout. Justin gripped my head and fucked my face the same way he'd fucked the shot glass. And like it, he filled my mouth with several blasts of potent come.

"Swallow it, bud," he groaned weakly.

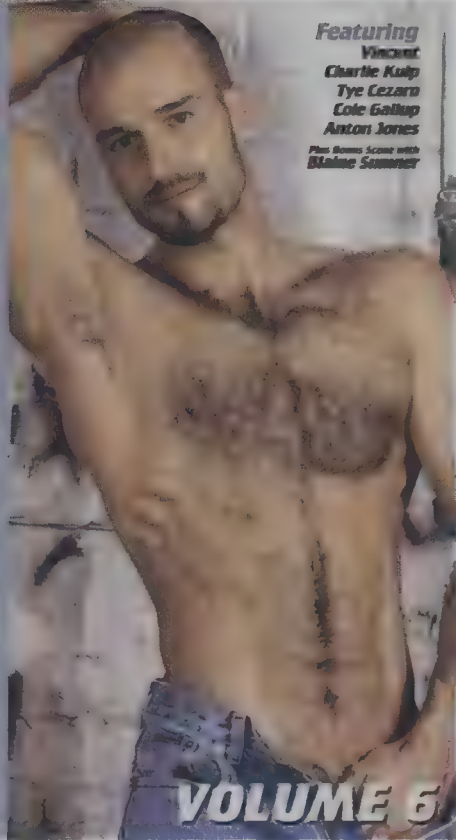
I knocked back Justin's seed. It was powerful, pure, addictive.

Beer never tasted this good. ■

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AGAINST THE WALL

Leonard Russell

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JANSI

Two days before Leonard Russell's photo shoot, the 6-foot-2 rowing instructor phoned to call off the session. "I'm not ready," he said. "I need more time to firm up."

Although it's not unusual for a model to get last-minute jitters, we suspected that this gorgeous hunk was being a little too hard on himself, so we encouraged him to keep his appointment and agreed to do a second shoot two weeks later if he felt he looked better then.

Of course, when we saw Leonard his torso was more ripped than ever, and that fat 9-inch cock of his was even bigger than we'd remembered (and our memory is usually pretty good about that sort of thing).

After the shoot Leonard asked if we could do it again in two weeks.

"Are you kidding?" we replied. "Absolutely." Can you blame us? We just can't get enough of this guy's massive...talent.







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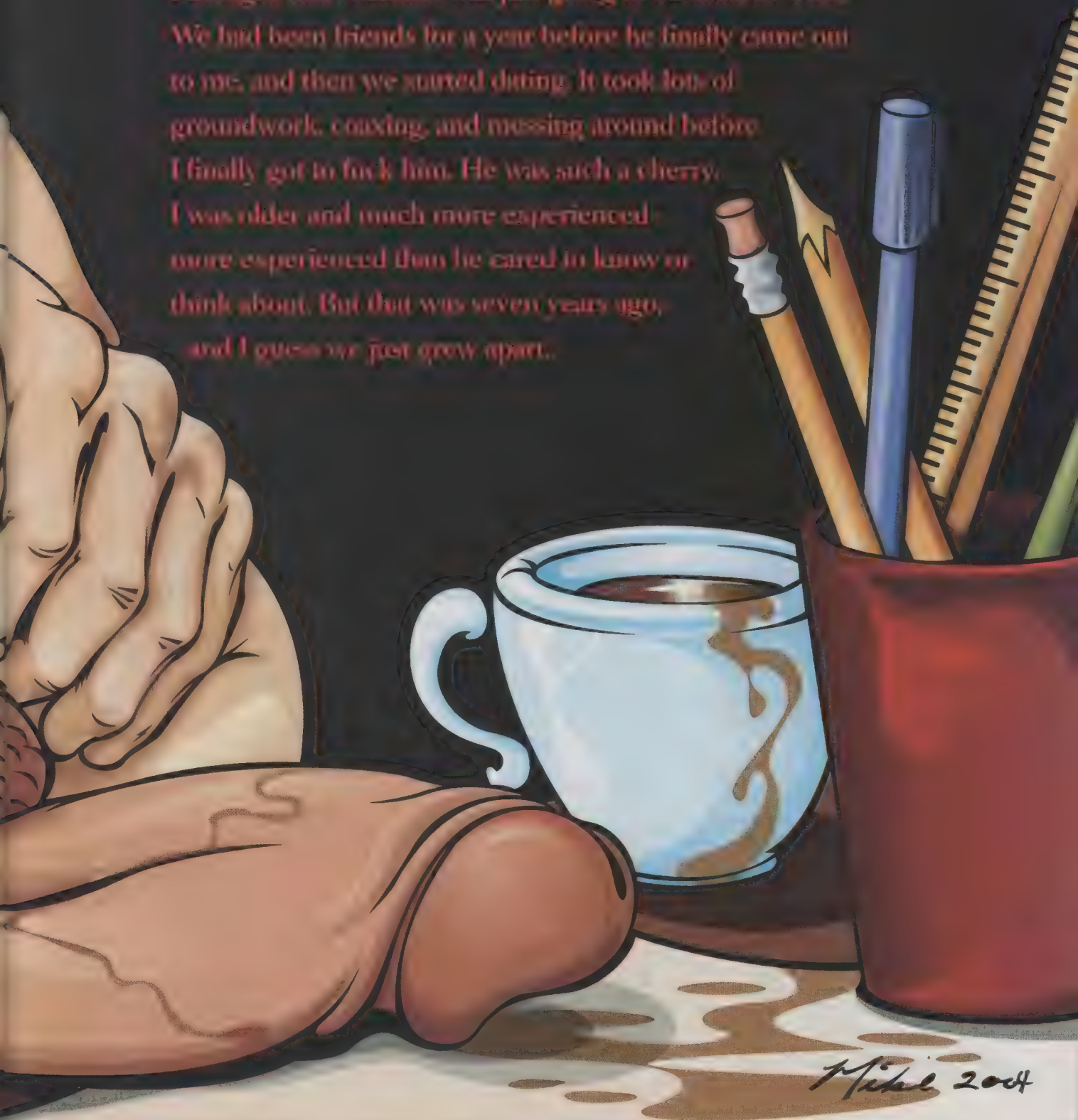
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Love Thy Neighbor

WORDS BY COREY TAYLOR · ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE

I thought that Nicholas was just going to be another trick. We had been friends for a year before he finally came out to me, and then we started dating. It took lots of groundwork, coaxing, and messing around before I finally got to fuck him. He was such a cherry. I was older and much more experienced—more experienced than he cared to know or think about. But that was seven years ago, and I guess we just grow apart.



We both knew it was coming, but I was shocked when, two days before Valentine's Day, he dumped me. We decided to continue being room-mates. After all, that's all we had been for some time at that point. But eventually we realized that it would be better for us to move on. Actually, I was the one who was moving on—the house we were renting was leased to Nicholas. So there I was, starting over at age 35.

I got a lead on a place from my friend Parker. He and I have been awesome friends for years. He had been upset when Nicholas and I started dating, because it meant that we wouldn't be fooling around anymore. Parker was the first person I talked to after Nicholas broke up with me. While I definitely needed someone to talk to, I was also desperately in need of some good, hot rebound sex.

Parker is a couple of years older than me and spends all his free time working out and drinking protein shakes that taste like chalk. His lips are a little thin but wide, and his teeth are as beautiful and perfect as his blond hair. An hour after I told him about Nicholas, we were undressed and my hands and lips were finding their way over his tan, muscular body. We kissed, deep and wet, with no force—our tongues massaging each other until our lips were numb. I moved down to his chest, sitting astride his lap, our pre-come-soaked dicks meeting, sliding, parting. The thick blond hair on his dark chest was straight and silky, and it felt good against my lips and face. Parker smelled good. I kissed his nipples until he got breathless.

We kissed some more, our dicks meeting again, and Parker moved his hand down to jerk us off together. I was so glad that he did. We were so wet, something had to be done, but I couldn't take my hands off his chest, his arms, his thick neck. This time, when we stopped kissing, I didn't stop at his chest. I let his dick rub against my chest and nipples as I slid toward it. His crotch was warm and it left a smoldering trail up my body.

His dick had the musky smell of a

cock that had been confined in a jockstrap all day. I pushed my face into his crotch, licking his balls and groin as I rubbed my face all over his dick. I pulled back my wet, sticky face and took his dick in my mouth for the first time in seven years. I worked his long, thin cock like it was my first time. I took it all the way back, pressing my lips into his balls and the thick patch of blond pubic hair. It smelled just as good as his musky dick. I almost came from the smell of the man.

After I sucked Parker's dick for a bit, he pulled himself out of my mouth and switched places with me, burying my thick-headed cock deep inside that wide mouth of his. My pre-come mixed



with his spit and made it the slickest, hottest blow job I'd had in ages. I began to wonder why I had given this up for so long. Parker was a damn good cocksucker. He pushed me back onto the bed so I was lying on my back, then lifted my legs into the air. His tongue went right into my tense asshole. He cupped his lips around it and French-kissed it. He probed, licked and rolled his tongue in and out of my tight hole. I could barely contain myself. His mouth worked me into a frenzy, sending a wave of ecstasy through my body in one heavenly jolt after another.

I don't bottom for anyone. But after Parker ate my ass for half an hour then filled me with lube, he didn't even have to be slow when he slid his meat into my ass. He started

pounding his raging hard-on into me immediately, and it felt even better than his tongue had. The feeling was indescribable: at once pleasurable and painful, and the combination blew my mind. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him onto me. He started moving his dick around inside my hole instead of banging in and out. The blond hair on his chest met the thick, black hair on mine and we kissed while he fucked the daylights out of me.

I came first. I held off for as long as I could, but his cock just kept rubbing my prostate gland and sending shivers from inside my butt hole all the way to the tip of my prick. I wanted to tell him to stop, but it felt too fucking good. It was driving me crazy and I knew I was about to

shoot. As soon as I got my fist around my thick meat, I sent up a jet of come so fast and high that it landed on Parker's chest and neck, then dripped back down onto me, landing with a small splat. He moaned as I came, pounding my ass even harder. I knew that moan, the one you make when the guy you're fucking is getting off and his ass is spasming around your plump, penetrating cock.

"I'm not ready yet," Parker whispered, as if that were going to disappoint me.

"Fuck my ass as long as you want," I said, raising my butt upward a little to give him more leverage.

He pounded his cock downward into my willing hole, sweat pouring from a man who knows how to sweat better than anyone. My cock, sensitive from my come shot, rubbed against the cold jizz on my torso with every thrust from Parker. I stayed hard as he continued to plow me.

"Oh, fuck!" he shouted suddenly. Hurriedly he pulled his cock out of my spent ass and yanked the condom off. His splooge poured out of him as he jerked off, landing on my dick and balls and sliding between my ass cheeks, which were still raised for my one and only top. He gave me a devilish look then started licking his come off my crack. It tickled, and my nipples grew hard. He lay down next to me, kissing me and

stroking my chest.

"Do you want to take a shower first?" he asked.

We showered, separately, and when we were done he asked if I wanted to stay the night with him.

"Sure," I said.

When it came time for me to find a place of my own, Parker told me that an apartment on the second floor of his building had been open for a couple of months and that the landlord was really looking to fill the vacancy as soon as possible. The landlord's name was Matthew, and I called him that night.

Matthew arranged to meet me at the apartment the following day to show it to me. The apartment was smaller than I had imagined, but I wouldn't be needing much space, just enough for me and my dog. Matthew was a little apprehensive about the pet but said it wouldn't be a problem as long as I agreed to pay a pet deposit. Clearly he was dying to rent the place.

"Let's go over to my office," he said. "It's the next building over, in the front of the apartment where I live." When we got there we went straight through

Matthew was about the same age as me but was already losing enough hair that he kept it shaved down to a buzz cut. He had small glasses with gold wire frames that made him look smart in a sexy way. He was taller and thinner, about 6 foot 2, and probably weighed 170 pounds. There was something about him that made me want to say yes. But I didn't. I just unzipped my jeans and pulled out my cock.

He got down on his knees and took my cock into his mouth. It didn't take long for me to get totally hard. Matthew had done this before. I wondered, Had he done it for Parker? Matthew continued sucking my dick while he unbuttoned his shirt, leaving it open in the front but not taking it off. He unzipped his pants and started jerking off while he sucked me.

Matthew's dick was long and thick, and his nuts hung really low. He was working his cock but wasn't completely hard yet, so I decided to help out. Aiming for his huge dick, I spit. I missed, catching Matthew right on the face. He seemed to love it, though, because he got hard instantly. He stood up and kissed me, letting me lick the spit off his face as I went in to meet his

He gave me a devilish look then started licking his come off my crack. It tickled and my nipples grew hard.

the office and into another door into Matthew's apartment. "I really want to rent this apartment to you," Matthew said. "It's been empty for a while now, and you seem like you'd be a good tenant. Parker told me that you and your partner broke up and that you're still living together. That must be tough."

"Yeah," I said.

"So, what's it going to take to convince you to move in?" Matthew said. "I suppose I could let the pet deposit thing slide. Just don't tell anyone else."

"I like the apartment," I said, still wishing it were a bit bigger. "I just haven't been on my own in so long. It feels weird, you know?"

"Yeah, but you've got friends here. Parker lives in the building, and I can be a friend and a landlord." Matthew put his hand on the front of his jeans and started massaging the bulge that was forming there. "What about if I sucked your dick?" he asked. "Would that give you some incentive to move in?"

moist, full lips.

His thin chest was just as hairy as mine, but he was as tan as Parker. He was really lean, but toned and tight. His tan skin and brown chest hair, which also went in a thin stripe down the middle of his abs, made him unbelievably sexy, even apart from his amazing cock. I couldn't keep my hands off him, slipping his shirt and jeans the rest of the way off as we stood there kissing.

Matthew's apartment was more of a town house, having two levels, and I took him over to the stairs and bent him over. I kneeled down and licked his ass the way Parker had done mine. Matthew's balls hung so low it was impossible not to hold onto them and lick them too. He jerked off the whole time and didn't stop moaning and panting for a second. When my free hand wasn't on my own cock it was fondling Matthew's gorgeous body, everywhere I could possibly reach while keeping my face buried in his pretty ass.

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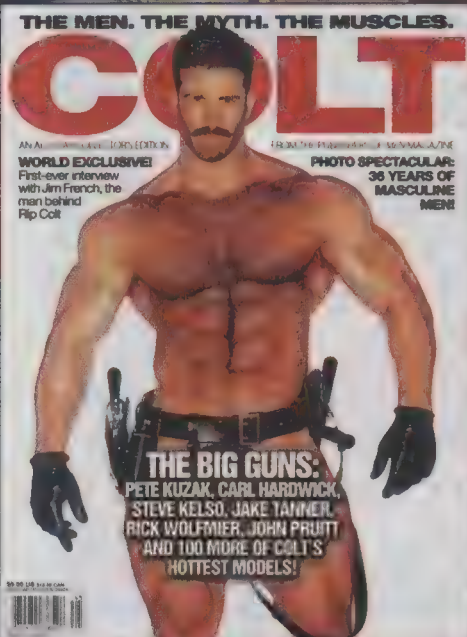
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When he started begging me to fill his ass with my cock I couldn't find a condom fast enough. I kept my arms around his body as I fucked him, there on the stairs, both of us standing. His bare back felt good against my chest,

I pulled my dick out of his tight ass, poured lube all over it and started sliding my cock between his strong butt cheeks.

and his chest and hips felt good in my hands as I pounded and slid in and out of his butt hole until I felt myself tense up. I pulled my dick out of his tight ass, poured lube all over it and started sliding my cock between his strong butt cheeks. I felt his nuts against my own. I could feel the vibrations as he rapidly stroked his monster cock. I smelled the sex that was all over both of us. And when I came, it shot upward onto the small of his back then ran down into the crack of his ass.

"Ohhh, that feels so good on my ass," Matthew moaned. "Motherfuck! You are fucking hot, man!"

I leaned around him and spit again, this time hitting the target as his fist pumped the spit all over his hard dick. I wiped some of my come with my left hand and reached around to rub it on his nipple. It sent him into a spasm so violent that I almost got worried, until he covered his stairs and the adjacent wall with his thick, white jizz.

"So," I said finally as we caught our breath. "Where do I sign?"

Three weeks later, I moved into my new apartment. The first night I stayed there, Matthew stayed with me. I wondered if I could work out some sort of trade-for-rent arrangement. It's been nice having sex with Parker again as well. Lately he's been seeing someone pretty steadily but says it doesn't matter. He loves fucking me on a regular basis and is completely turned on that he's the only one who gets to do it.

I asked Matthew if he and Parker had ever gotten together, but he said they hadn't. I haven't told Parker about Matthew, or vice versa. But I will. Soon. Both of them at the same time would be a lot to handle, but I think I'm up to the challenge. ■

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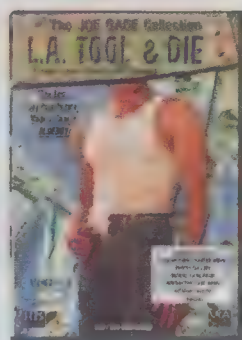
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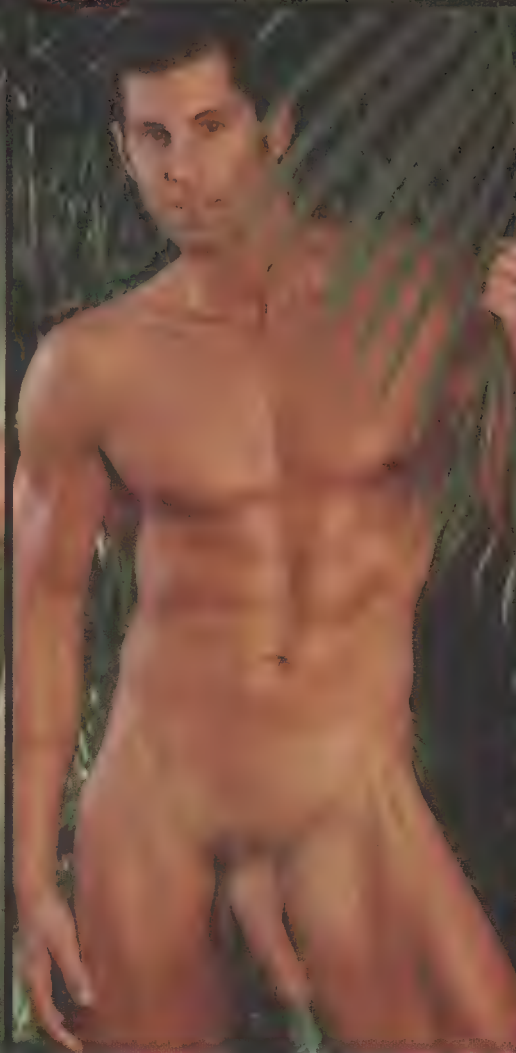
The summer sun was as hot as a leatherdaddy marching in a pride parade in Atlanta in the middle of July. The heat beat back the wind and the air was hazy like a mirage. There was no cool breeze to bring the temperature down. Sweat dripped from under my arms, drooling down my sides, tapping at the waist of my damp Speedos, which clung tightly to my butt. Up front, I could feel my loose nut sac slick against my thighs, my balls sticking to my sweat-soaked legs inside my swimsuit. The fabric made a wet thwack sound as I pulled it over my cock and down my legs. My pubes were soft and silky, covered in a dewy dampness like early-morning grass. I gave my dick a slow tug and it oozed between my sweating palms. The pool waved languidly in front of me, tempting me with its cool retreat. Between me and it lay a sizzling stretch of fiery cement, a sole-scorching trip to be sure. But it was my only escape from this unrelenting heat. And my cock needed a cooler place to get some release...

HEATSTROKE

Trent Mitchell
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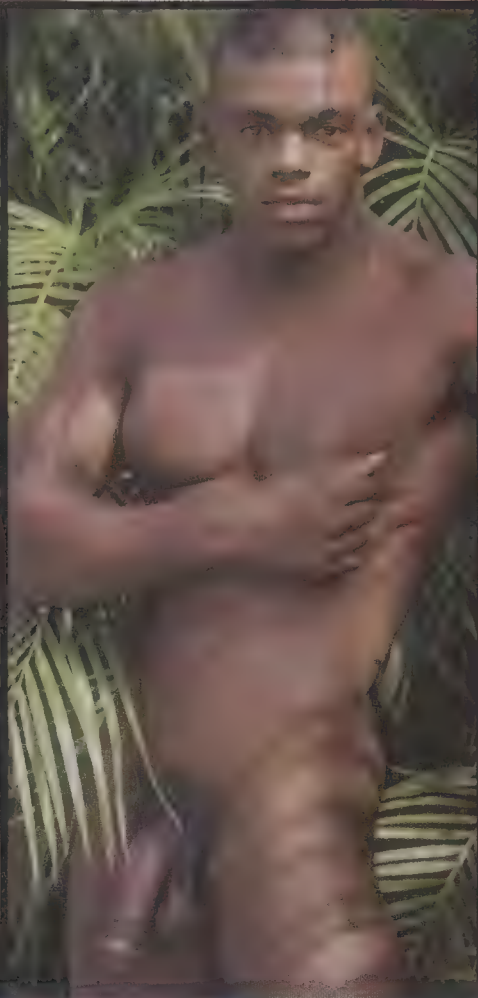
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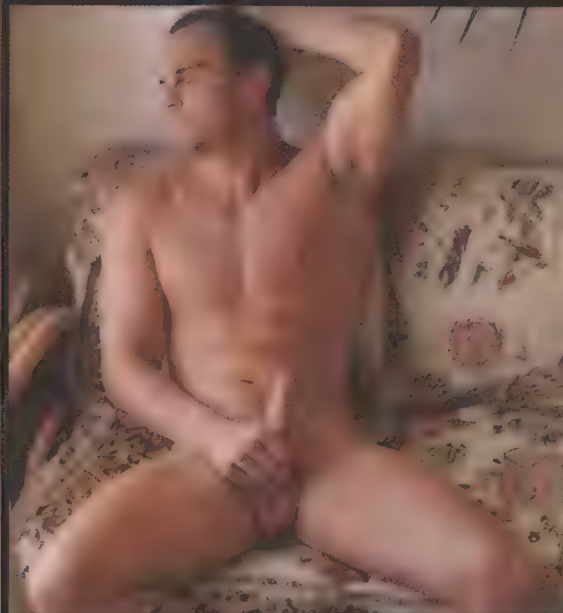
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Video Reviews

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MEN AMONGST THE RUINS

Studio: Sarava Productions

Director: Kristen Bjorn

Cast: Rafael Alencar, Lucas Andrades, David Chelsea, Mattiheu Costa, Dade County, Sergio Del Castillo, Andres Duranza, Octavio Fuentes, Juan Jimenez, Ken Mifune, Cesar Moreno, Marcus Ocean, Slava Petrovich, Jeremy Shelton, Savio Silva, Attila Sipos, Lucius Socrates, Max Veneziano, Julio Vidal

PLOT: In 1988, Kristen Bjorn produced and directed his first hardcore video. It was called *Tropical Heatwave*, and it more than lived up to its name. He's since made 20-odd videos—all of which are worthy of buying. He has been awarded a slew of GayVNs, was inducted into the Adult Video News Hall of Fame and set a new precedent by which we view and judge male erotica. With *Ruins*, Bjorn unleashes his newest sexual adventure, featuring 19 ethnically diverse and equally magnificent hunks who manage to give mouthwatering blow jobs, deep-diving

KRISTEN BJORN PRODUCTIONS



Hot Men: Slava Petrovich, Max Veneziano rim jobs and pulse-pounding hand jobs—all while having multiple ejaculations (and with not one tourist in sight). Wherever these ruins are (the film doesn't specify, but we're betting



Men amongst erections: Rafael Alencar, Andres Duranza, Savio Silva and Lucius Socrates

somewhere in Central America), we want to go—and not for a history lesson. The film begins with a bunch of humpy guys wandering around some ruins before deciding to give each other blow jobs. From there the action shifts to a gorgeous mansion where a scorching four-way is taking place. (The film continues to flip-flop back and forth between the ruins and the mansion.) There's lots of hot sucking, rimming and fucking, and the come shots, as always, are copious. Speaking of the money shot, Bjorn has become famous for giving us hands-free ejaculations and multiple orgasms from his models. There's so much man juice flying around here, the film could have been titled *Come Amongst the Ruins*. As always, the guys are all so fuckin' hot and hung, you'd sell your grandmother just to have a go at any one of them.

PRODUCTION: With every feature, Bjorn continues to dazzle us with his exquisitely accomplished cinematography. His sex scenes are not only highly stylized but beautiful. The fact that they're mind-scramblingly hot doesn't hurt either. Other than the strange continuity issues that arise from being taken back and forth between the ruins

to the house, the film is a sex-tacular orgy, with one of the muscle studs blowing a load nearly every five minutes. And Bjorn's camera is there to capture every lick, suck, fuck and cock drip in glorious close-up. This is indeed the stuff of fantasies.

KRISTEN BJORN PRODUCTIONS



Left: Ken Mifune, Dade County
Right: Julio Vidal, Lucas Andrades, Marcus Ocean

PERFORMERS: It's difficult to pick out a favorite sex scene (they're all sexy as fuck), but the last one with Ken Mifune servicing Dade County and Cesar Moreno is steaming. And be sure to check out Mattiheu Costa, Octavio Fuentes and Sergio Del Castillo doing

each other in the background; you'll want to rewind for a second look-see just in case you missed any of the action.

PERFORMANCE: Top-notch. Bjorn's men are buff, beautiful, hung and voracious sexual animals. There are more stiff cocks in *Ruins* than you'll see at a rooster morgue. The film plays out like one long wet dream: the sex scenes drift from one to the other on a cloud of testosterone beefcake. As for the beefcake, well, some of these guys look too damn macho to get fucked. Yet, sure enough, they're taking a huge, uncut cock up the ass and another right down the throat. By the time you've finished watching *Ruins*, there won't be an ounce of come left in your cock. —Benny Bahama

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★★★
(out of a possible four)

PLEXUS

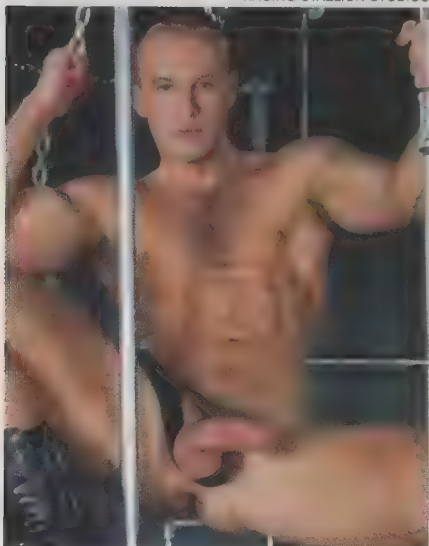
Studio: Raging Stallion Studios

Director: Chris Ward

Cast: Shane Rollins, Alex Steele, Michael Vincenzo, Brendan Austen, Jerek, Lance Gear, Andreas Stern, Tony Serrano

PLOT: Fans of Raging Stallion's *Sexus* series will rejoice at this third and final installment. Directed by Chris Ward and uniting some of the company's hottest talent, the DVD opens with the entire cast assembled in a dark, industrial playroom with flashlights in hand that they use to check out the other studs. As they languidly move their beams, the scene slowly envelopes the viewer, making you feel as though

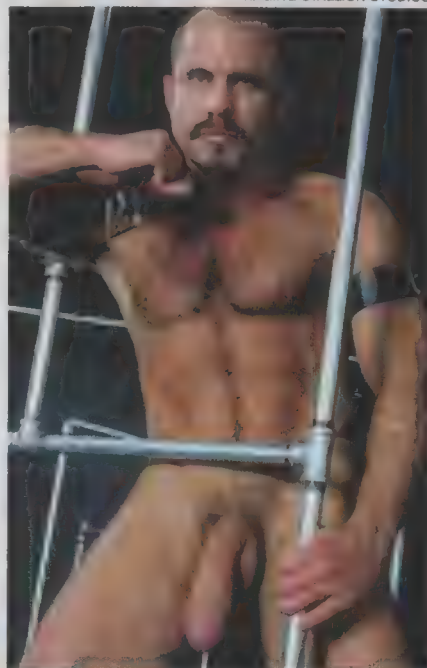
RAGING STALLION STUDIOS



Shane Rollins: He just keeps getting hotter.

you're participating in the unfolding action. Sex naturally ensues, and after each player shoots his wad we move into individual scenes in the same setting, starting with Tony Serrano fucking Shane Rollins, whose fantastic body and sweet smile make for an incredible package. Michael Vincenzo soon joins in, and when Shane finally blows his load, it's worth the wait. Tony then moves on to fuck super-sweet Michael in a sling, then Brendan Austen fucks Jerek while Michael watches. This all glides into the final orgy, where the awesome Lance Gear gets plowed by Andreas Stern's massive cock. Andreas moves on to Brendan while Shane takes over fucking Lance. Tony, Jerek, Michael and Alex join in on the action, and soon the entire sweaty cast is spraying spunk around the room. If only we could check out the subsequent shower scene.

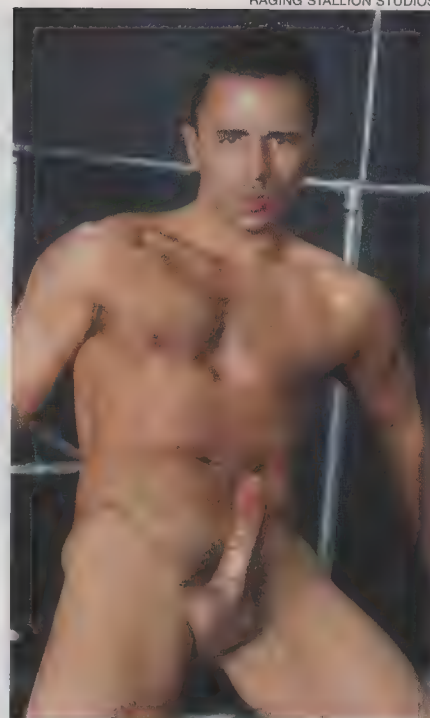
RAGING STALLION STUDIOS



Andreas Stern and his obscenely big cock

PRODUCTION: Chris Ward's magnificent camera work and lighting make a limited space appear vast. You never grow bored with the same chains and pipes being used to support the cast in their dirty deeds. Likewise, J.D. Slater's music really works with the action. A nice bonus feature for those purchasing the DVD is Slater's *Sinfonia XXX* film soundtrack, which you can play while fucking in your own living room.

PERFORMERS: The beauty of this production is that every type of guy joins the party for some hot, dirty times. Raging Stallion regulars Shane,



Michael Vincenzo: Rock hard and rarin' to go

Michael and Lance are always deliciously erotic in both their appearances and performances. Alex is the perfect baby-faced leatherman: He's supremely masculine and adorable at the same time. Check out his opening oral scene with Shane Rollins and experience the joy. Andreas, the ultimate daddy with a fat monster cock, will have you moaning for joy when he fucks Alex and forces him on the spicy and sinuous Tony. And speaking of Tony, this man has the most stunning eyes. The big surprise is Jerek, who is so supremely beautiful that he took my breath away, and yet he's also a fantastic pig! Guys who purchase the DVD will get some really shocking footage of Jerek being fisted, and yet he still maintains those classic, beautiful looks. A warning to the squeamish: If you don't like scenes with cauliflower holes, don't watch the bonus hardcore footage on the DVD.

PERFORMANCE: One reason for Raging Stallion's great success is that they don't entirely script their videos in advance. Rather, director Ward discusses with the models what they think is hot prior to a scene and then he shoots it, which is why the chemistry between the performers in *Plexus* feels so real. Even when Shane suspends himself from a chain in the air while Tony fucks him, the moment doesn't feel as contrived as it should. Lance Gear is another supreme model—there's a reason why he gets so

Video Reviews

much work—and when he's power-fucked by Andreas and then takes a break and laughs at the insanity of the moment, it's truly wonderful. This is what porn needs: hot action mixed in with a dash of humanity. —*Brian Cryder*

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★★★
(out of a possible four)

HOG: THE LEATHER FILES

Studio: COLT Studio

Director: John Rutherford

Cast: Adam Dexter, Dave Angelo, Andreas Stern, Leo Bramm, Derek Cameron, Todd Maxwell, Toby O'Connor, Jake Marshall, Hal Rodman, Diego De La Hoya, Tony Dancer, Ross Taylor, Bo Knight

PLOT: Los Angeles leather bar Faultline is populated with a sweating, grunting, heaving orgiastic mass of humpy muscle men who fuck and suck and smoke cigars with pulse-pounding menace. Who needs a plot when you start your movie off with fuck-me-blind Colt exclusive Dave Angelo blowing smoke in sex Goliath Todd Maxwell's face, fingering his hairy ass before shoving his cock up it and then coming all over his chest? If you're one of those guys who feels like foreplay is missing in porn movies these days, then this opening scene is going to have you crawling up the walls in heat. The film's middle scene (oddly, there's only three scenes in *Hog*; but the second scene might as well count as two) features a butt-busting nine-man orgy on the Faultline's

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Lick it good: Dexter gives O'Connor some lip

outside patio area. While the scene is a symphony of sucking, fucking, spitting, tit biting and ass pummeling, and all of the guys are quite studly, there are two things worth noting here: Andreas Stern's cock (How big is it? Thank you for asking—it makes the Titanic look like a rowboat.), and the return of sexy blond wonder-bottom Derek Cameron's hot-as-a-pistol ass. When Cameron gets fucked by two massive cocks (belonging to Hal Rodman and Leo Bramm)—at the same time—you'll blow a load all over your bowl of popcorn. As if that weren't impressive enough, Cameron's hole then takes on Stern's monolithic meat. (They ought to make *this* one of the challenges on

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Hog wild: Bramm and Rodman give it to Cameron.

Fear Factor.) The last scene features dreamy, dark-skinned Colt exclusive Adam Dexter pulling slave boy Toby O'Connor out of his doggy cage, throwing him onto a sling and then inserting a giant black dildo up his bum before replacing it with his own giant black cock. The end.

PRODUCTION: Kudos to whoever was the lighting designer on this movie—it's gorgeous. Likewise, while the film is a frenetic folly of filthy fucking, the editing is much more languid here; instead of it being chopped up into 30-second clips, you can actually watch the action as it unfolds in front of you. Director John Rutherford keeps the pace moving, however, by swapping out partners in the orgy scene so different guys get to play with each other throughout. And the chemistry between the performers in the film's first and last scenes is rough, raw and thrillingly tangible—you'll be left physi-

cally and emotionally erect. Be sure to check out the DVD extras, which include Mick Hicks' and Greg Lenzman's stunning photographs of the *Hog* cast. (Note to Colt: Make posters!)

PERFORMERS: All the guys in the film are hot. They've got stunning bods, beefy butts and, for the most part, impressively lengthy pieces of man meat. In the time since he was first photographed for Colt, Dave Angelo has gone from a ripped, sleek sexy minx to a buffed-up, thick-necked, cigar-chomping, ass-drilling, body-building über-master. As his willing submissive, the big, butch behemoth Tod Maxwell is someone we definitely want to see more of. When men like him bottom, it's enough to drive the whole world wild. Also sure to leave a lump in your throat is the hairy, horny, humongously hung Andreas Stern. We haven't seen a dick this fuckin' big since...well, since the last time we tuned into Animal Planet. Leo Bramm looks super-sexy in his leather getup, as do hunky wolf Jake Marshall and beefy bottom Ross Taylor. Hal Rodman, who was photographed by Jim French for Colt years ago, is back and looking (and fucking) like he never went anywhere. Of course, where would all these butch top studs be without a talented bottom? (Probably getting drunk and flipping a coin, is where.) Thankfully, Derek Cameron is on hand, and you gotta hand it to him—he puts the "do" in double penetration. If ever they create an Asshole Hall of Fame (and we mean that in a good way), this guy's butt needs to be inducted.

PERFORMANCE: Overall, this *Hog*'s a hot 'n horny, raunchy ride. The entire cast works hard on-screen, and the sex is so good that even the most weathered leatherman will be chomping at the bit to bust a nut. That said—and with all due respect to leathermen everywhere—what's with the costumes? Some of these guys are dressed like they're understudies in the "S/M lesbian bondage brigade on motorcycles" number from *Showgirls*. Oh, well. At least in *Hog* the thrill—and the orgasms—are real. —*Jake Peters*

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★★★
(out of a possible four)

UP THE STAKES & AND THE WINNER IS...

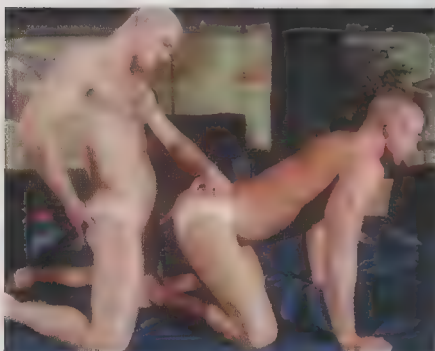
Studio: Pistol Media

Director: Uncredited

Cast: (*Stakes*) Brendan Austen, Lance Gear, Damon Bradley, Steve Davidson, Scott Ford, Trevor Gamble, Kyle Kirk, Aaron Richards, Harrick Sharp, Billy Slate, Spike; (*Winner*) Brendan Austen, Damon Bradley, Oz Dick, Steel Farrell, Kurt Johnson, Kyle Kirk, Harrick Sharp, Billy Slate

PLOT: With their "Sexgymes" series *Up the Stakes* and *And the Winner Is...*, Pistol Media has created two of the hottest, sexiest, horniest videos I've seen in ages. Made in the land Down Under and featuring a buttload of studs who are as hot as a sunburn, the two films will leave you with a pleasant feeling you probably haven't felt in some time: the feeling of watching gay porn for the first time. Perhaps it's because you've never seen these guys before more than anything else (after all, one can't exactly reinvent the wheel when it comes to filming sex). But somehow even the sex is fresh. Both films revolve around manly sporting activities: *Stakes*

RAGING STALLION/PISTOL MEDIA



Gear about to shove his *Stake* up Austen's ass starts off with two horny studs in a post-Aussie-football romp in the shower room and two more butt bangers getting off in an old equipment room. The next scene is a bona fide knockout: Hairy American Lance Gear and Australian sex god Brendan Austen (who, if he isn't already, should surely be an Australian national treasure) duke it out on a boxing mat. The chemistry between them is hot enough to melt their mouth guards! The film's third scene has Harrick Sharp and Aaron Richards working up a sweat in

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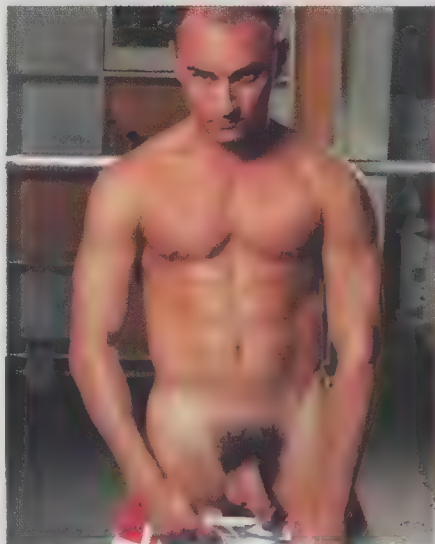
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Video Reviews

RAGING STALLION/PISTOL MEDIA



Harrick Sharp: Clearly part of the *Winner's* circle the gym, then taking a break to give each other a spot—in the ass. Scene four involves water sports, as three humpy studs get it on in the showers. Lastly, Damon Bradley (the dude is so fly) and Kyle Kirk fall out of their canoe and into each other's arms on a river bank. *And the Winner Is...* is actually the first film produced by Pistol Media. It's not quite as good as *Stakes*, but that's like saying a good blow job isn't quite as good as a great blow job: They're both pretty fucking nice. *Winner* clearly set the pattern for Pistol's videos: Here, the sex takes place on a riverboat (hot three-way), in a gym, on a wrestling mat (with Austen topping big, burly bottom Oz Dick), in a public toilet (Oz Dick bottoming again) and in a steam room (another hot three-way). *Winner* is the debut video of mega-hunky Brendan Austen, and he sucks and fucks like a champ in four of the scenes. If there's one thing this stud doesn't need to worry about, it's overexposure; too much of him will *never* be enough.

PRODUCTION: Did they call themselves Pistol Media because they're hot as a smoking gun? We doubt it (more like pistol = cock), but if so, they'd be right. Both videos are nicely lit, shot and edited—to say nothing of the hot sex. It's also incredibly sexy to hear the grunts and groans of a supposed rugby match going on nearby as these rough and randy men fuck each other senseless. With no porno muzak to distract you, it's all about these blokes' filthy mouths and husky moans. Each scene has a natural pace to it (we're sure they

were directed, but they don't feel like it), the sex progresses in an erotically climactic way and there's none of that annoying "now the model's in clothes, now he's not!" jump cutting. Not that there's much clothing being worn in these films. The basic outfit here is a Speedo or some gym shorts—and we are *so* not complaining. Australian men seem specifically engineered to wear Speedos—and boy, do they fill them out. Special props go to Raging Stallion Studio for distributing these vids in America—we owe you guys big time!

PERFORMERS: Not a dud in the bunch. If you're not aching to visit Sydney after you've watched these, you're either blind or dead. The aforementioned Austen is a superstar on the rise (he can also be seen in a few Raging Stallion videos, including *Plexus*). Every scene he's in throbs, drips and generally explodes with animalistic sexual energy. Lance Gear delivers another fantastic, snarling performance. *Stakes* studs Harrick Sharp (sexy!) and Aaron Richards (sexier!) will have you busting a nut when they live out every muscle clone's fantasy with their mid-workout fuck. And then there's *Winner's* scorching steamroom three-way—featuring hairy muscle daddy Kurt Johnson and his huge club of a cock, furry muscle bottom Steel Farrell, and Austen—which'll leave you in a quivering, sweaty puddle. Every scene in these movies is a winner because the performers are all macho gay men who clearly love dick. For anyone who's ever caught a glimpse of an Australian rugby game on ESPN and thought to themselves, *Oh, to be a fly on the wall in the locker room after this match!* Well, pull down your pants and grab your johnson—your fantasy's just come true.

PERFORMANCE: Stellar. Brand-new hot guys with bodies that don't quit; tight athletic gear; steamy, sweaty, horny sex; and no crappy dialogue or cheesy music. Make no mistake: These are built-tough blokes who don't fuck around when they fuck around. As they say Down Under, Good on ya, mate! Now put another stud on the barbie. We want more of this Aussie action. Now. —*Jake Peters*

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★★★ (both)
(out of a possible four)

ZAK ATTACK

Studio: Mustang

Director: Chi Chi LaRue

Cast: Zak Spears, Chet Roberts (a.k.a. Tag Adams), Daxx Reed, Mario Ortiz, Filippo Romano, Joshua Adams, Thom Barron, Brad Patton, Danny Vox

PLOT: The ever-hunky Zak Spears watches over the crew at his personal sex den, instructing everyone how to make some hot and sweaty action. It's an intriguing combination of down-and-dirty sex and a power dynamic that's driven by Zak himself and begins with the adorable Danny Vox and superstud Mario Ortiz. These two young vets go at one another with an insatiable hunger while Zak directs the sucking and fucking. The hard tone then shifts in the next scene as Zak and beautiful blond Thom Barron passionately kiss in a playroom lined with sex toys, leading to Zak eventually fisting Thom. Moving deeper into the club we witness a group orgy with Chet Roberts (a.k.a. Tag Adams), Filippo Romano, Joshua Adams, Daxx Reed, Mario Ortiz and Zak. Then, just when you'd assume the video is over, Zak moves on to the adorable and awesomely hung Brad Patton (he with the jack-in-the-box cock) for one of the most amazing moments in the movie. Zak begins by gently fondling the beautiful doe-eyed boy, then the tension slowly builds, culminating with Brad fucking the massive Zak. But make no mistake, Zak is still in charge and this fucking is purely for his enjoyment, so when he comes there is definite satisfaction—on both his face and the viewer's.

PRODUCTION: Chi Chi LaRue and Zak Spears are reunited in a leather fantasy film: What's not to love? Except for the main orgy scene, in which guys are balanced on top of one another in a sort of butt-muncher's ballet, LaRue doesn't create any contrived sexual positions. Instead, she lets the performers use their surroundings and natural instincts to enjoy one another to the fullest. I'm also a sucker for good sex talk, and Zak does it better than almost anyone in the industry—in that regard, Zak's vocal voraciousness is exciting, not distracting. Also nice to see is a whole gaggle of hotties sporting natural body hair. Let's pray that shaved porn stars are

becoming a thing of the past!

PERFORMERS: While Zak is the undisputed star of this flick, what thrilled me was watching the other experienced performers let Zak take the spotlight and still come out looking like pros themselves. Danny Vox will blow you away when he follows daddy Zak's instructions in the opening fuckfest. Chet and Filippo also stand out and show their stuff in the orgy scene—I don't think I've been so turned on by someone sucking cock in a long while—yet they don't upstage anyone. This makes the video feel really organic overall, as though we'd stumbled into a sex club and witnessed Zak training his boys for a night. Awesome!


PERFORMANCE: Zak's scenes with Thom Barron and Brad Patton really stand out, mainly because they demonstrate a strong daddy/boy relationship in the sexiest way possible. With Thom, there's a tenderness in Zak's actions that is both comforting and erotic; you see him preparing Thom for what's to come (i.e., a fist up his ass). I've never been a particular fan of fisting, but the care with which it is done here and the energy that gradually builds throughout the scene made me shoot a couple of times. The same surprise happens in reverse with Patton, but not because of simple top/bottom rules: Being a top is an attitude, not a definition for how you fuck. So when Zak approaches Patton (who, with his pretty baby-boy features, looks more like the traditional submissive bottom) you're pleasantly surprised when Zak ends up taking Patton's exceptionally fat cock up his big hairy ass. It's this sense of turning a normal scene upside down into something shockingly erotic that really makes this video a superior release. For people searching out an introduction to leather or a different take on the usual scenarios—or if you're just a fan of the woofy Spears—this is the perfect score. —Kurt Vestor

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★★★
(out of a possible four)

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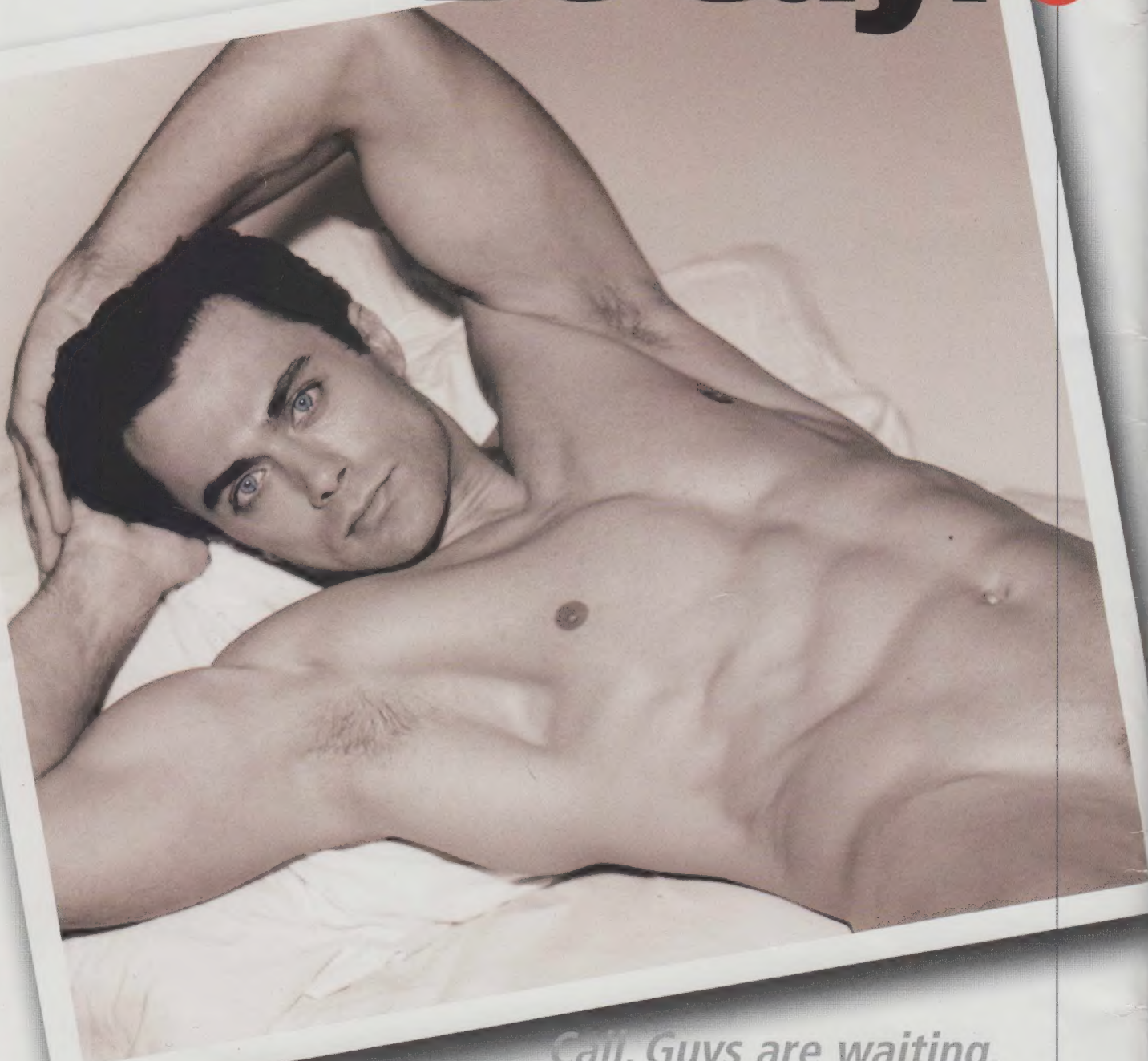
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